

V. Reeder

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Puck

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RECIPROCITY — BIG AND LITTLE.

The High Priest of Protection building the pedestal for his own statue.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, March 4th, 1891.—No. 730.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE 4TH DAY OF MARCH is, nominally and naturally, the beginning of the political year. As a matter of fact, the political year is much like the school and collegiate years, which begin — to the untutored apprehension of the public, at the end of the Summer, and end with "Commencement" at the end of the Spring. So it happens that the Congress which comes to an end to-day dies betwixt hay and grass, so to speak. If the expression of the people's wish should count for anything, it ought to have died last November. It might have died with comparative decency early in December. It dies now, and its successor enjoys an unearned vacation — extraordinary contingencies excepted — until a year shall have passed from the time when it was called into existence. When such anomalies occur in the governmental arrangements of the effete nations of Europe, we always find them highly amusing.

* * * * *

But let us not sound even the slightest note of complaint. A stranger once entered a New England town — so runs a very old story — and, noticing an unusual bustle and animation in the streets, inquired the cause. An affable native promptly replied to his query:

"Deacon Pogram 's dead."

"Ah, indeed!" said the stranger. "And what was the complaint?"

"There ain't no complaint, stranger," replied the affable native. "Everybody 's satisfied."

Let that be the epitaph of the Fifty-First Congress. For the first time it has done something with which everybody is wholly and entirely satisfied. It has died. And we will not let our joy be chilled even by the reflection that this one thing it did because it could n't help itself.

* * * * *

The Fifty-First Congress — or, at least, the majority that controlled its acts and determined its character — leaves behind it a record of perversity, obstinacy, arrogance, fatuity, narrowness, brutality, partisan spitefulness and general ignorance, worthlessness and cussedness which, up to the present date, has scarcely a parallel. It first took its stand before the country by passing, in the face of determined and forcibly expressed protest, an economic measure which it knew the people could not but receive with doubt and suspicion. When the event proved that the people went further and received it with utter disapproval and disgust, this remarkable legislative body, instead of taking the hint, devoted all its energies to trying to foist two or three other unpopular bills upon the people — or, as we might, perhaps, more accurately put it, Congress tried to see how near it could come to passing those bills without bringing a second popular cyclone about its ears.

* * * * *

This looks like rank foolishness — it was something a little more complex. It was the selfish recklessness of a pirate crew shut up in the hold, with the hatches battened down and the captor in full possession of the gun-deck. Under such circumstances, the piratical gentry have been known to fill their own pockets and then set fire to the powder magazine. These two performances do not seem to "gee," as parts of a well-ordered plan; but their combination is eminently significant of the pirates' state of mind. This analogy enables us to form some conception of the mental processes of the men who thought they could best hold their waning power by defying the people to take it from them.

* * * * *

We can thus see why Mr. Lodge and Mr. Hoar wanted to put the Force Bill through by the power of the party whip. True, the West did not care for it, the Middle States disliked it; and it would have been the death-knell of Republicanism in the South. But it was a popular measure in certain portions of New England, where the idea still lingers that on election day in Louisiana and Georgia the negroes are shot down in blocks of five hundred and stacked up like cordwood for miles along the roadside. So Mr. Lodge pushed his bill — and found his own personal reward. He will have an opportunity, next December, of studying the finest Democratic majority ever accumulated in the Halls of Congress — and he need not absent himself from his desk to break up a quorum. The quorum will be there whether he is there or far away.

Thus, also, is made clear to us the reason for being of all the countless pieces of special legislation which have gone through this Congress without deliberation or consideration. Every one of them represents a bid for the favor, influence or financial assistance of some person or persons, some corporation or confederation, some class or some section. Not one in a hundred has the faintest color of public necessity or propriety about it. Each one of them is the effort of an individual Republican to save his individual skin. A conviction has come over all these associated patriots that the best way to save the party is for every man in it to save himself, and let the devil take the hindmost. Of course, if every member is saved, the party is saved. It is a very good scheme — but only, as the popular song guardedly adds, "if it works."

* * * * *

But what can a party do that has no policy and no principles; but only a great hunger and thirst for the flesh pots in which it has wallowed for well-nigh a third of a century? What is left for it but that each man shall grab his own flesh pot and hold to it as best he may, keeping it by force or fraud, by bullying or by chicanery — keeping it, no matter at what cost, moral or material? And so we have the Republican party resolved into integers, each one fighting for existence like the early protoplasmic individualities of Mr. Darwin's theory. All of them are hard at work, from Mr. Blaine, with his pretty little trick of "reciprocity," stolen from the Democratic repertory, to Mr. Conger, doing the will of the Chicago lard-manufacturers in backing a bill by the side of which certain ingredients of their products are clean, pure, unadulterated, honest, wholesome and sweet-smelling.

* * * * *

The Democratic majority that will make the next Congress for good or evil, may well take a lesson from the fate of Speaker Reed's Hessians. The Democrats have a policy, with principles behind it. Both policy and principles are sound and good. And, what is not always the case with political ideas that are sound and good, both policy and principles are popular. The party has only to stick to the issues upon which it won its last fight; to keep its pledges to the people, and to refrain from running after strange gods — and its future is safe. If it wants to see what comes of bidding for the support of a class or a section, at the expense of the general good of the people, let it look at the post-office addresses of the majority of what was a Republican majority only yesterday; and remember humbly that those who made them can unmake.

* * * * *

There is plenty of time to learn this lesson during the quiet, restful Summer months. Let it be learned. The Republican party has no positive hope of resurrection. It has one negative hope — and it is no small hope, either. That hope is that the Democrats will make fools of themselves in the very hour of victory — as is their wont. Now is the chance for the Democrats to show that they can refrain from the luxury of effervescent headiness — even if they have to kill off every man in the party who is over seventy years of age and who thinks that he knows it all.



A DISTANT ACQUAINTANCE.

"Say, dear boy, this is the entr'acte, and you are in the foyer. You don't need your opera-glasses now."

"Yes, I do, old man; I want to see if I know who the owner of this train is."



A WOMAN CAN DO more with a hair-pin than a man can do with any one instrument in existence.

She takes it to button her shoes, to crimp her hair, to fasten her hat on, and (beg pardon) to scratch her head.

To button her gloves and the waist buttons of her dress, to pin her veil, to manicure her nails; and, alas! sometimes to pick her teeth.

To clean her comb, and to cut the pasted label on her powder box. And she can use it as a paper-knife, or a bookmark; to open a letter, or to draw a device upon a seal.

If she twists the ends, it becomes a tape-needle, or a safety pin, or a key-ring. It is a very decent bodkin.

In an emergency, it is as good as an ordinary pin; better, in fact, for it can be made to do double duty.

It supplies many of the missing intricacies of buckles, suspenders and supporters; and repairs any damaged domestic article requiring a few inches of wire and a little feminine ingenuity.

A woman traces a pattern with a hair-pin dipped in her shoe-blacking; and, smoked in the gas, she uses it to pencil her eye-brows.

If no one is looking, she will use it for a nut-pick; and if her husband is not at home, she will take it to clean his pipe or cigarette-holder.

And if he is at home, and after he has broken his pocket-knife and hunted helplessly all over the house for a "piece of wire," she will draw her hair-pin with a pitying look, and clear out the gas-burner, or re-open the waste-pipe of the stationary bowl.

How often is the hair-pin the hidden power that holds back the lace window-curtain, or poises the Autumn leaf-wreath on the edge of the picture frame.

How often does it replace the lost furniture-pin in the valence or lambrequin.

A long, stout hair-pin placed over the stem of the door-knob, with the prongs through the handle of the key, will make a timid woman feel secure against that "ever-expected burglar."

A woman can use a hair-pin as a cork-screw for any kind of bottle she cares to open.

Ever ready to her hand, whether she uses it to pick her trunk lock, or to trim a lamp wick, to mend her bracelet or her bustle, she handles it with a dextrous grace and a confident skill that are born of inherited knowledge and educated by long-practiced use.

A FASHIONABLE CUSTOM.

"I'm going south for the Winter," said the Harlem man, as he moved from his 145th Street home to Brooklyn.

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE" may be strict justice; but it would look rather queer if a mob of capitalists were to sally out to smash the windows of strikers.

A TIE GAME — Cat's Cradle.

THE CONFIRMED GRUMBLER is a man whose like is seldom seen.

A SELF-FEEDER — Vanity.

MR. FRESH, '94. — Professor, now how would you classify the language spoken by the guards on the Elevated Trains?

PROFESSOR LANGUE. — As verbal hieroglyphics.

A SHORT TIME — The Last of the Month.

A DAY-LABORER — The Sun.

IT ALWAYS ANNOYS a man to find a new acquaintance as vain as he is himself.

A poet wrote that he would be a rose
To lie and die upon his lady's breast;
Another would the zephyr be that blows
Warm kisses to his love when she's at rest.

And one would be a glove upon her hand;
And one would be a moonbeam, pale and still,
To visit her at most improper hours,

And leave
A cool kiss on his mistress' window-sill,
Or weave
For her bright dreams of him
And some far star-lit land.

But I would be a hair-pin in my lady's hair,
Or in her deft hand's soft and close embrace
I'd work her sweet will's every whim
Nor care
To what base use she put me,
Nor what place
I had among her dear lock's wealth,
So I were there.

No secrets would I tell of scratch, or switch,
Or frizz, or bang, or thin spot coming on;
No one should know which tresses grew, or which
Of these same tresses I had helped to don.

The rose must die; the zephyr change;
The glove,
Grown old and worn and torn,
Be cast aside;
The moonbeam in his visits to his love
Must take his tip from his Mama, Dame Nature,
And thereby abide.

But I'd be ever with my love
By night and day,
Nor would I die, or change, or rust,
Or slip away.
She could not "be a sister to me," so
Until the end
I'd rest content — "Only a hair-pin," but
Her faithful friend.

Mrs. Orel D. Orvis.

PLENTY OF TIME.

"Ingalls will now have time to study the Decalogue."

"Yes; and to write an essay on the Apocalypse."

THE OFFICE that seeks the man is likely to find him in a good many saloons about election time.

A BEAR-TRAP — Rising Stocks.

HOPE OFTEN disappoints us; but this is natural, as the poets describe her as a fair woman.

NEVER APART — The Whole.

IN OLD TIMES a strong arm was necessary to the dictator; but just now he finds short-hand far more important.

DUCKS AND RAKES — The Dredger.

A PUT-UP JOB — Supporting a Family.

MAN TO MAN — "What 'll you take?"

BEWARE OF SHOWS. The temper which is "displayed" is never a good one.



A PURELY BUSINESS MOTIVE.

MR. LOZIER HOPE. — May I — may I — speak to your father, Miss Cole? Miss Vera Cole. — It is useless, Mr. Hope — I can never be your wife.

MR. LOZIER HOPE. — Excuse me, I wished to speak to him about that fifteen dollars he borrowed of me week before last. I'm getting a little nervous about it.

TIDDLEDY WINKS.



AY, BLAINE, whatever do you mean
When you wink the other eye?
Say, don't you think we're awful green
When you wink the other eye?
You talked about the tariff, and you told us
it would bring
Health and wealth and happiness; we thought
it quite the thing.
But when you got us on the string,
Then you winked the other eye.

Say, Blaine, whatever can it be,
When you wink the other eye?
You gave us reciprocity,
Then you winked the other eye.
We took our little ballots, and how gayly did
we speed!
Oh, what's become of Ingalls, Quay, and
little Tommy Reed?
Oh, Jeems, we're on to you, indeed,
When you wink the other eye.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION.

"Is that really the President over there? I did n't suppose he was actually as small as that!"
"Oh, yes—in fact, he is a great deal smaller!"

A GOOD MOTTO for the poaching sealers would be: "Come early and avoid the 'Rush.'"

"BY APPEARANCE," growled Hardup,
"You never should judge."
"You say that 'cause you're seedy,"
Said his friend, with a nudge.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

BOB TAYLOR.—Deal away; but you know I never play for money.
JACK POTTER.—I do; but I notice the other fellow usually gets it.
BOB TAYLOR.—Oh, very well. I don't care if I do try my luck just this once.



A DIVISION OF LABOR.

YOUTHFUL CRITIC (*suggestively*).—Sa-oy, I sh'd t'ink youse fellies 'ud orter trade jobs; dat's not a square deal!

DID HE REMEMBER?

"CHARLIE, DEAR," said young Mrs. Jardean to her husband the other morning, as he was hurrying into his overcoat, and hastily drawing on his gloves, "would you mind stopping into Wool and Satten's, and asking them to give you a few samples of their Fall dress goods?"

"Oh, no, not at all;" replied Charlie, obligingly. "What kind of samples?"

"Well, I don't want anything *very* dark; and yet not *too* light. I don't want brown, for my Summer dress was brown; and I don't believe I want any shade of blue, for I've worn blue so much. You might get some plaid samples; but I *don't* want any of those blue and green plaids, nor anything with much red in it, nor *too* loud a plaid. Something in brown and white and gray, with just a dash of some brighter color might do, or—oh, *don't* get anything in black and white, and don't get a check of *any* kind. You might get samples of India twill or silk warp Henrietta, in light and dark shades of green, not *too* light nor *too* dark—just medium; or, if you see anything pretty in momie cloth or serge or a real soft cashmere or vieux rose cloth or peau de soie in stylish shades you might get samples; but I'd prefer something in camel's hair, or—you don't suppose I could afford one of those Muscovite silks, do you, dear? You get samples of it, any how. I'd thought of something in light cloth and drap de soie; and you might ask for samples of each in—going, dear? Well, please *don't* forget the—he's gone, and I'll wager anything he'll come home without half those samples. Men never can remember anything!"

Z. D.

AT THE BERNHARDT MATINÉE.

"Where do the asps come from, any how?"
"I don't know. Is n't there a place called Aspasia?"

FAREWELL TO THE OLD FATHERS.

Keep away, Saint Chrysostom,
Though you've got a mouth of gold;
In the West the silver voice
A majority will hold!

NOT IN IT.

GUSSIE GOOD.—What did you give up in Lent?
TURNER VAN NEWLEAF.—I gave up trying to keep the good resolutions I made at the beginning of the year.

THE LAY OF THE LOCAL LYRE.



CHANCED UPON A poem in the local press of late
Which impressed me as the product of a bard obscurely
great.
The sententious strength of Shakspere, Milton's majesty
it wore;
Boldly beautiful as Byron, and as musical as Moore;
Its opulence of noble thought, and rhythmic wisdom
sage,

Struck me like a revelation in this unpoetic age,
And I felt the glorious rapture of a student of the sky
When an undiscovered planet beams on his exploring eye!

But my lofty hopes were shattered by an unexpected stroke,
And a bitter disenchantment o'er my sweet delusion broke;
For, precipitated rudely from Parnassus's heavenly mount,
Where my soul had bathed serenely in the Heliconian fount,
I discovered that a bogus bard, with meretricious lyre,
Had ingeniously ensnared me in his web of warbling wire,
And decoyed me up the Olympian heights to bellow in my ear:
"Use McClusky's Persian Plasters and your corns will disappear!"

John Ludlow.

COURAGE.

WHAT is true courage? People don't half know.

Two men facing each other with six-shooters, calmly and steadily awaiting the signal to fire. Is that courage? Some think it is; but I do not. I would not do it.

An orator standing alone before a surging multitude, fearlessly uttering words which may goad them to fury—such words as "pants," for instance. That is courage; but how many think it?

But fighting men and orators in the matter of courage are not the peers of gentle woman.

Harry Earnlitt was engaged to marry a sweet girl who loved him for himself alone. She had one peculiarity among others, and this was a horrible superstition regarding the number thirteen. She would never sit down to a dinner table where covers were laid for thirteen. She would never sit down to a multiplication table that had "thirteen times" in it. She was just as superstitious as that. She was twenty-five years old and had for years refused to be twenty-six; because twenty-six is twice thirteen.

One day Harry, who well knew of this peculiarity in his betrothed, came to her with dismay and hope strugling in his countenance.

"O Gertrude! Gertie! O my Trudy!" he exclaimed. "Is your horror of the number thirteen as strong as ever? Speak, darling! Is it? Is it?"

"What has happened, Harry? Tell me!" she cried, her face blanching slightly as something within warned her not to answer the question.

"My uncle has just died," said Harry, "and—left me thirteen million dollars, and"—here hope struggled with dismay again—"and I did n't know, but perhaps you would want to break off the engagement."

She smiled like a June morning.

"Harry," she said; "my own Harry. When your happiness is at stake I can not falter;" and as she took him in her arms hope ceased to struggle with dismay forever more.

That is where self-abnegating courage showed up strongly in a lady. But the quality even exists in children.

"Willie!" said I to my little boy. "If you tear that book I shall whip you." The little fellow gazed at me with a quiet smile, opened the book and tore out pages 6 to 11, inclusive. And Willie is but three years old.

Courage! The yellow dog possesses it. The unthinker might say that the appearance of the yellow dog does not denote courage; but it does. It takes genuine courage for a yellow dog to make his appearance.

Courage among the lowliest of the lowly! Even the worm will turn, will he not, some time? I do not know that he ever has yet.

Courage! It exists even in inanimate objects. The gentle flowers will shoot if told to go to pot; and there is plenty of grit in common brown sugar.

Morris Waite.



BEFORE TROY.

GRECIAN SOLDIER.—Achilles has left us. We have lost our bravest man.

HERSITES.—Humph! Any man can be plucky who is wound-proof!

A JOURNALISTIC BOOMERANG.

"The polls are now open in this office for a citizens' vote to determine who is the biggest liar in this town. No public-spirited citizen will neglect the duty to vote."—*Arizona Bluffsheet*.

THE BALLOT:

Editor Bluffsheet	2,994
Scattered	7
Total	3,001



A VICTIM OF FATE.

YOUNG LADY.—I suppose you are very busy at your office, Mr. Blotter.

MR. BLOTTER.—Yes, the cares and responsibilities of a mercantile career are many; yet we have moments of leisure. If you will come down with your mother some morning, I shall be happy to show you over our building.

She smiled like a June morning.

"Harry," she said; "my own Harry.

When your happiness is at stake I can not falter;" and as she took him in her arms hope ceased to struggle with dismay forever more.

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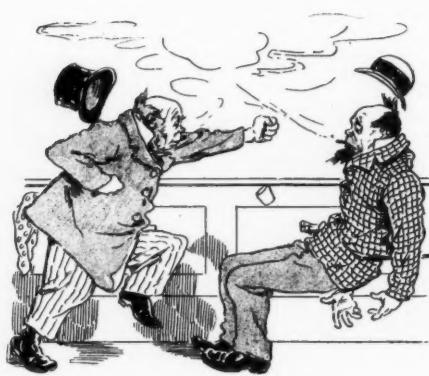
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(Unfortunately they chose a morning when, the porter being ill, Mr. Blotter's employer had delegated him to perform the above somewhat humble duty.)

REFRESHING THEIR MEMORIES.



DOLLY.—Do you remember the good toime we had, Patsy, at dthe Inniskillin Fair in 'forty-nine?
HOGAN.—Oi can't call it to mind, this minute.
DOLLY.—Don't ye ricollect whin ye whinked at Katie O'Hara, an' Oi hauled off an t'umped ye wan—

— loike that?

HOGAN.—Be hivins, Oi remember it well now!
An' do ye 'call the fact that Oi come back at ye—

DIFFERENT.

TURNER VAN NEWLEAF.—I quit drinking about a week ago.

VON BIBBER.—I thought you swore off the first of January.

TURNER VAN NEWLEAF.—So I did; but this time I've quit.

THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

TOM.—Now, that you are married, old fellow, I suppose you are finding out how pleasant it is to have some one sympathiz with you when you are sick or out of sorts.

JACK.—Oh, yes; especially when one is out of sorts on account of staying out late the previous evening.

A SURE TEST.

"What makes you think Miss Downes really loves you?"

"Because she has repeatedly advised me not to lend any money to her brother."

A STORY OF PREJUDICE.

Once there was a man.

One day he was mortally shot by a negro. The man was Irish, and the episode vexed him exceedingly.

His last words were: "This is the darkey's day of my existence." And immediately after: "I die a niggerminous death."

WATCH THE ENGINE-LIGHTS.

STATION-MAN (*zeziferoously*).—Yeh-rrrh Av-oo train!

PASSENGER.—Is this the Second or the Third Avenue?

STATION-MAN (*savagely*).—Don't you understand English? Yeh-rrrh Av-oo train! All aboard.

DEVELOPING A NEGATIVE.

PREPOSSESSING FEMALE (*to PHOTOGRAPHER*).—What will you take me for?

PHOTOGRAPHER (*gallantly*).—For better or worse.

PREPOSSESSING FEMALE (*smiling*).—I guess you'll have to content yourself with a negative.

IT'S ALL RIGHT IF HE SENT STAMPS.

HUMORIST.—I've been looking for the article I wrote the other day on Harlem Goats. I wanted *The Agriculturist's Almanac* to have that, and I believe I sent it off to PUCK.

HUMORIST'S WIFE.—Well, you'll have to wait now, dear, till it comes back.



— and that?



DOLLY.—Oi do! An' it's meself that wishes them happy days would come ag'in.

MITIGATED GRIEF.

ROUNDS.—I've seen people laugh till they cried; but I never knew of a fellow crying till he laughed.

NEPHEWS.—Guess you never lost a rich uncle!

HER WAY.

In Summer when the evening zephyr

Just lightly stirs the trees,

Priscilla covers up her shoulders,

And shivers from the breeze.

In Winter when the chilling weather

Appals the stoutest man,

Priscilla bares her lovely shoulders,

Cooling them with a fan.

THE WORSE FOR WARE.—Breakage.

MORE MEN have been self-undone than have been self-made.



INCONSISTENCY.

POET.—You said the other day in your paper that poverty is not a crime.

EDITOR.—Well?

POET.—And yet you decline my verses simply because you say they are poor.

COULD N'T HAVE MADE ONE.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—I may wemind you, sir, that my ancestaws left me an honored name.

TOM KNOX.—And a very thoughtful act it was in them, to be sure.

NOT THAT KIND.

ATHLETE.—I tell you it pays to advertise; I wanted a little training-down recently, and inserted an ad. for a coach.

DIGGS.—Did you get one?

ATHLETE.—No; but I got forty-nine hackmen!

ENFORCED ABSTINENCE.

"Do you play the banjo?"

"Not when there are any people around."

"Why not?"

"They won't let me."

A COMPREHENSIVE TERM.

SMALL BOY.—What is an egotist?

BIG MAN.—One who talks about himself while you are aching to talk about yourself.



FORCE OF HABIT.

MRS. LAYTIN (*waiting up for her husband*).—What is the matter, Molly?

MOLLY (*from the kitchen*).—Och, Mum, there be theives at the dure!

MRS. LAYTIN.—Well, tell them I am not at home.

BREAKING OFF CIGARETTES.

I PRESUME AND I trust that there is no one having a more terrible experience with cigarettes than myself. I began to smoke them years ago, and they were the bane of my existence. It has seemed to me that if I could show young men an unfailingly successful way of leaving them off, it would be a duty well done. And I believe I am an authority in the matter; for, as I say, I smoked cigarettes for years, and I am smoking them yet.

If a man would but consider the ills he is bringing upon himself. After smoking cigarettes for a time, he finds himself losing his light, elastic step; his eye-sight grows poor; his memory defective. The effects, indeed, are about the same as those of the vicious habit of growing old. And then the extravagance of the habit. Since I began to smoke I have worn over forty suits of clothes.

How sad I used to feel when smoking cigarettes, in the knowledge that I was inviting disease; and yet it was hard to eschew the unwholesome weed, because it seemed to make me so healthy. Ah! there lies the fatal charm of the constitution-wrecking cigarette—in its excellent effect upon the health. So at least I found it. I grew healthier and healthier, and it became more difficult to break away from the habit which was destroying me in both body and mind.

Were any of my readers ever beguiled by the voice of a siren? There is no music more likely to receive an encore. The siren of good health sang to me: my cheeks became rosy, my spirits light, my appetite unswerving; and so I smoked, for there was no sober Mentor at hand to point out these signs of chronic invalidism.

But while I was thus selfishly thinking of my own welfare, I forgot the comfort of those near me who, when I puffed the nauseous smoke, fled blocks away.

Cigarettes are a deadly curse to those only who do not smoke them; and it is the ardent wish of the non-smoker raised into a glorious faith which attributes to the cigarette effects fatal to the smoker. But, alas, all that we wish for is not true. If it were, what a noble place were this world for a lively wisher and one or two chance survivors.

We will now consider the methods of breaking the habit.

One good way is to cultivate self-respect. But to a cigarette-smoker self-respect is an impossibility, and the method is useless.

Another good way is to shame you self by reflecting that the habit brings you into the society of men who say "cigarette."

Another way is to smoke cigars for a few days, and then catch a whiff from a dude's or a bootblack's burning paper-stick. This cure is effectual, while at the same time it leaves a man able to resume the habit if he wishes to.

How many poor but ambitious young men, who realize that their

only hope for success lies in good health, will thank me for what I have written. Young men, you are welcome. Be temperate in all things. With your habits of smoking and drinking once overcome you will go forth into the world, (or if you are already in the world you will remain there,) and, striving with new vigor, you will lay up fame and fortune. Now is the time to choose your fortune, remembering that Nature's motto is: "Positively no goods exchanged." Shall the coming meridian of your life be a time of poverty, of degradation of mind and spirit? Or, guided by bright-eyed sobriety, will you make it a time full of respect, free from care and supported by that handsome measure of worldly means which enables its worthy possessor to indulge freely in the best grades of cigars and liquors, and a carriage to take him home when he winds up the well-spent day at two in the morning?

Young man, which shall it be?

I will take the same.

Williston Fish.

THE PROOF OF IT.

MORDLING.—That girl in the candy-store may be only a poor shop-girl, but she's a true woman!

FAXON.—I'm convinced of it, me boy! Why, only the other day I got her to break a dollar for me, and she handed back one dollar and seventeen cents in change!

WANTED TO MOVE.

WIDOW CASE.—So, straightening the state line throws my land into Virginia, does it? Well, I'm powerful glad to get out of Callina—it's a mighty unhealthy state, and a body naturally hates to live forever in the same place.



AND LASHINGS OF IT.

"I should think poor Peckt would be mad to find himself tied for life to such a virago."

"Yes; he's lashed to a perfect Fury."

A WASTE OF RAW MATERIAL.

OTHELLO.—The death of Miss Stajelevator was very widely discussed in the newspapers.

AGO.—Yes; it's a great pity she is not alive, to profit by the advertising.

PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

"Great Cry and Little Wool."

RULED OFF!

'Gainst Father Time she ran a race
For thirty years or more,
But, sold to Cupid, lost her place,
For doctoring the score!



SHE KNEW THAT KIND.

AUNT FURBY.—Say, Silas, how do them there cars go long without horses?

UNCLE SILAS.—That stuff what Edison makes over in Jersey, makes them go. It's a kind o' lightnin'.

AUNT FURBY.—Can't be Jersey lightnin', Silas, or they wouldn't go long so steady.



One! Two!! THREE!!! — **BOUNCE!!!!**

PUCK.





IN-CANT-ATION.

YOU CAN lead a horse to water,
but you can not make him drink;
You can send a fool to college,
but you can not make him think;
You may keep your daughter strumming
from morn till afternoon,
But you can't make her a player
if she has n't any tune.
You can never make a farmer
of a boy who loves the sea,
Though you may make him plough and plant
and whoa and haw and gee.
It's no use to swear and bluster
because your only son
Prefers the girl he met in the car
to your selected one;
You might as well switch off that track,
for love is lord of pelf,
And, besides, it's more than likely,
that you know how 't is yourself.
You can not make a citizen,
let him be black or white,
Of the man who does n't know enough
to cipher, read and write.
You can not change the rooster's strut,
nor make the layers crow,
Though you may honestly believe
it would be better so.
You can not make a parson
of the stage-struck, Romeo-lad;
And if you ever do succeed,
you'll wish you never had.
There is only one thing meaner,
and that's to have to see
The name of your neighbor's numbskull
finished with M. D.
But all these things, and more beside,
we may expect to bear,
Until the numbskull kills us,
and the Romeo says the prayer.

Eleanor Kirk.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION.
"Fairbanks is getting awfully fat."
"That's only a tendency of the times."
"How so?"
"He is resolving himself into a corporation."

TANTALIZING.
The Winter fills me with disgust,
For sleighing I am waiting;
Now, when the snow comes it is just
Enough to spoil the skating.

LIKED GOING OUT.
"What part of the service did you like
best?" queried Mrs. Reredos after church.
"The Recessional," returned Mr. R.

THE SINE QUA NON.
"He was a perfect
prince of good fellows!"
"How was that?"
"Never paid a debt!"

HE DID WHAT HE
COULD.
SHEEPSKIN.—Shall
you send your son to
college?

HARDUP.—No, I
can not afford it; but
I've bought him a
cape overcoat.

"HOW CAN a tariff of
five cents per
dozen on eggs inspire
my lay?" queried the
perplexed hen.



BROWN.—I hate to smoke down cellar, but
Jones might call unexpectedly, and claim that
twenty dollars.



SHE WAS A CHICAGO GIRL.

"See how ridiculously that man has tied his napkin
about his neck!"

"Hush, Mama; that's Mr. J. Crabbitt, of St. Louis.
Those are his ears!"

HE KNOWS.

PASSENGER.—Where is the warmest part of this Pullman car?

OLD TRAVELER.—Where the porter sits.

FRENCH AS SHE IS UNDERSTOOD.

"Are the Bernhardt audiences very French
in character?"

"Well — ra-ather. They might be de-
scribed as French with a marked American
accent."

A REMINDER.

COL. GAR.—I have one thing that will re-
mind me of the war as long as I live.

JUDGE LAW.—How is that? I thought you
escaped without wound or injury.

COL. GAR.—I know; but you forget that I
have a pension.

LENTEN AUSTERITY.

Many shekels he spent at the opera-house,
For music he did adore;
But the silly chatter made him mad as a hatter,
And he called it an operoar.

ANTICIPATING.

INQUIRING BRITON.—How is it that you
Americans think so little of your President?

AFFABLE NATIVE.—Because we're always
thinking of who is going to be the next one.



JONES.—It's a chilly place to smoke, but
Brown might drop in, and twenty dollars is
twenty dollars.

PROPRIETOR, Texa-
nia Sun and Bowie
Knife.—What made
you accept W. L.
Douglas's shoe "ad."
at such pauper rates?

EDITOR.—Well, you
see, I wanted the cut.
If we're going to
boom Dave Hill much
longer, we've got to
have a picture that
looks something like
him!

A TAD-POLE—Thad-
deus of Warsaw.

SOAP-BUBBLES—Po-
litical Hopes.



THE FREE LIST.

"The free list is the honest revenue reformer's hope." — John D. Long.

Albumen and Arsenic, Acorns and Aconite,

Asbestos and Asses' Skins, Ashes and Apatite;

Bolognas and Bullion and Brimstone beside,
Bladders and Bones, and Blood, if it's dried;
Cacao and Coral, and Curry and Cutch,
Civet and Cinnamon, Camphor and such.
Divi-Divi comes next, and Dragon's-blood rare;
Dear Diamonds follow for paupers to wear.
Excrescences, Emery-ore, Etchings, if old,
Ergot and Ebony next we behold.
Farina and Fashion-plates, Fossils from far,
(Forgetful of Washington's Fossils we are;)
Granadilla and Grasses and Glass, when it's broken,
Gems, Guano and Ginger, and much more unspoken;
Hides are free now, but in ninety and two.
Harrison's hand much mischief may do.
Iridium hard and Ipecac queer,
Ice, Insects and Indigo, have a place here;
Jet, Jalap and Jasmine-oil, Joss-stick and Junk,
Just crowded together, and made free "all hunk."
Kernel of palm-nut, Kyrothol, Kelp,
Keep up the free list the poor folks to help;
Lac, Lemon-peel, Lava, the juice of the Lime,
Live Leeches and Lichens, a hard word to rhyme;
Musk, Munjeet and Manna the Hebrews that fed,
Marshmallows and Meerschaum, Mahogany red;
Neroli-oil, Newspapers, Nuts from Brazil,
Nux-vomica, needed by those who are ill;
Orchids and Osmium, Ottar of roses,
O't use to the poor man, McKinley supposes;
Pimento and Pumice and Pulu and Paste,
Pepper, Plumbago and old Paper waste;
Quinine for Protectionists quaking in pain,
Quots and Quills for Reformers' stout muscles and brain;
Regalia for scholars, and Rags for the nude,
Railroad-ties for the Rich, Rattans for the rude;
Sauerkraut, Skeletons, Sea-weed and Spice,
Saffron, Spunk, Snails, and everything nice;
Turmeric, Turtles, Teeth, Tripoli, Thyme—
The importing of these is not called a crime;
Uranium oxide, Umbrella-sticks, too,
Uncle Sam's cruisers freely let through.
Valonia, Verdigris, Vellum and Virus,
Verily, verily, this will soon tire us;
Weeds, Whip-gut and Walking-sticks fit in just here,
Wax, Wafers and Whale-bone also appear;
X comes in the midst of the *taxes* of all,
X then to the Free List we never can call;
Yams—Yawning? Well, I am near through,
Yet I must finish this catalogue true;
Zaffer comes last on the Free List so wrong,
Zanies are they who gave cause for this song.

C. Howard Wilson.

THE TAXED LIST.

"It [the Surplus] must be removed — by freeing entirely those great necessities of life which enter into the consumption of every household."

Henry Cabot Lodge.

A stands for Anchors and Anvils and Axes,
B is for Blankets; on these we pay taxes.
Cottons, Coal, Carpets, begin with a C, sir;
Dress-goods and Dye-woods, neither are free, sir.
Earthenware pays per cent, five and fifty;
Flannels and Flax, Fish, food for the thrifty.
Glass to let light in, for light the blind care not,
Hardware and Harness and Hats — the poor wear not.
Iron in forms I'd weary in telling,
Jackets and Joists, the last for my dwelling.
Knives for the boys, Knit-goods for the mother;
Linen, Lead, Leather, and many another.
Meats, Milk, and Metals enough to bewilder,
Needles for seamstresses, Nails for the builder.
Oat-meal for living and Ox-shoes for labor;
Paper and pens making distant friends neighbor.
Quicksilver silvers rich barons Pacific;
Rice for the poor pays a duty terrific.
Salt, Saws and Steel, Screws, Soda and Shipping.
Tinned-plate for workingmen, Tools for bold gripping.
Ulsters to warm us are padded with duties.
Vegetables feed, Varnish make us all beauties.
Woolens and Wools, Wood, Wire and Watches
Xcellent are as tariff tax blotches.
Yarns you pay toll for when stockings are mended,
Zephyr is one of them; my yarn is ended.

C. Howard Wilson.

A GOOD SHOT.

"Death loves a shining mark," it's said.
If so, 't is strange
He does not make the "bald head row"
His rifle range.

J. G. B.

COLLATERAL SECURITIES are seldom left loose.
They are either put up or shut up.

LAMBKIN.—The *Morning Telegram* claims that its financial predictions are always correct.

WOLFF.—That is because it always predicts both ways.

If any persons still doubt the superiority of the Sohmer Piano let them try for themselves and be convinced, not only that the Sohmer is the best, but that it will *continue* to be the best.

Form No. 2.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

ALL MESSAGES TAKEN BY THIS COMPANY ARE SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

To guard against mistakes or delays, the sender of a message should order it REPEATED; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office for comparison. For this, one half the regular rate is charged in addition. It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company that each message will be liable for delay or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, or for non-delivery received for sending the same, nor for mistakes, or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, or for any REPEATED message, beyond fifty times the sum received for sending the same, unless specially insured, nor in any case for delays arising from unavoidable interruption in the working of its lines, or for errors in cipher or obscure messages. And this Company, is hereby made the agent of the sender, without liability, to forward any message over the lines of any other Company when necessary to reach its destination.

Correctness in the transmission of messages to any point on the lines of this Company can be insured by contract in writing, stating agreement of the sender and receiver, and premium thereon at the following rates, in addition to the usual charge for regular messages, viz.: one per cent. for any distance not exceeding 1,000 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance. No employee of the Company, is authorized to vary the foregoing.

No responsibility regarding messages attaches to this Company until the same are presented and accepted at one of its transmitting offices, and if a message is sent to such office by one of the Company's messengers, he acts for that purpose as the agent of the sender.

Messages will be delivered free within the established free delivery limits of the terminal office. For delivery at a greater distance, a special charge will be made to cover the cost of such delivery. The company will not be liable for damages in any case where the claim is not presented in writing, within sixty days after sending the message.

THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager.

NORVIN GREEN, President.

Receiver's No.	Time Paid.	Check
4	210	OK

Bend the following message, subject to the above terms, &c., &c. are hereby agreed to.

Boston Feb. 20. 1891.
To F. Fowler. Manager.
Crawford Shoe Store.

837 Broadway New York.

Order made six additional
chairs. Arrange to carry out our
idea of polishing all Crawford
Shoes gratis if you have to enlarge
the Polishing Parlor. Newyorkers
are a wide-awake lot and will
appreciate our Yankee enterprise.

Bouvé, Crawford & Co. Corp
READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.
By Geo. F. Bouvé Treasurer.

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Young Americans

Who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty.

—N. Y. Medical Record.

PREVENT BALDNESS.

Dermatologists tell us that: The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness — thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week, and that the best agent for the purpose is

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

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and the IDEAL FOR BATH AND SHAMPOO.
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STRANGER (in Chicago).—These draw-bridges are a nuisance. Why do you have them?

CHICAGO MAN (apologetically).—Well, er— you see, sir, the water in the river is n't always thick enough to walk on.—*New York Weekly*.

PLEASURE OF GIVING.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (after a lesson on the blessings of giving).—Now, why does it make us so happy to give our friends nice presents?

LITTLE BOY.—'Cause we know they'll try to give us nicer ones.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

"ARE you really sick, Sidney?" asked the family doctor, one day.

"Dr. McCartney, I'm perfectly surprised at your asking such a question. I suppose you forget that it's Saturday," was the reply.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

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Unequalled for Delicacy of Flavor and Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested. Different from all other Cocoas.

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LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—My boy, where's your employer?

OFFICE BOY.—Attending a funeral.

O. G.—Indeed! Whose?

O. B.—His own.—*Yale Record*.

Armour's

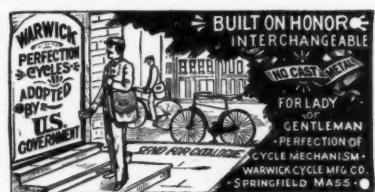
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pamphlet for a dime.

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Sauces and Made Dishes.

One pound of extract of Beef equal to forty pounds
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Genuine only with
Justus von Liebig's
signature as shown.

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A DREADFUL THREAT.

LADY.—I've got nothing for you.

TRAMP.—You have n't, eh? Well, you'll be sorry for this. If you don't give me something nice to eat, I'll recommend you to all my friends between here and the Gulf of Mexico.—*Texas Siftings*.

NOT SPONTANEOUS.

HE.—What has made Bagley so witty of late?

SHE.—Well, you see, he has taken to stammering; and so he always has plenty of time to think up a good repartee.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE BOY SEEKS INFORMATION.

"Papa," said Johnny, "did n't George Washington ever tell a lie?"

"Never, my son."

"Then how did he get his cinch on politics?"—*Harper's Bazaar*.

THE staff of the Czar of Russia contains 152 generals and as many colonels. No American governor can ever hope to compete with the Czar, no matter how generous his nature.—*Peck's Sun*.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY A BOSTON LADY, WHILE IN NEW YORK, TO THE WIFE OF ONE OF THE FIRM WHICH MAKES THE CRAWFORD SHOE.

Thursday evening a friend called, (Mr. Snow,) and something was said about boots or shoes; and he said: "Well, if you want COMFORT, you must try the CRAWFORD Shoe." Said they were not quite so handsome as some, but they were very comfortable. Said his brother, who was abroad, sent to him to bring him over another pair when he and his mother went last Summer. He did so, and as they were going to cross the Channel, it occurred to him to unpack them and wear them, to save duty; and he said: "And what do you think mother said?" Well, he said, "they put in the box with the shoes a lot of their little book circulars, in packing, and she put ever so many of them in her bag; and, if you believe it, she left one in every room, every station, and, in fact, about everywhere she went, as long as they lasted." Her sons were very much amused, but she is one of those benevolent, kind-hearted ladies, and I suppose she thought if they were such a comfort to her boys, everybody ought to know of them. Mr. Snow said he liked his brother's so much that he bought some for himself as soon as he returned; "for, aside from the economy of the thing, which prompted him in the first place, they were SO COMFORTABLE he did not like to be without a pair."

I told Henry I was going to write you, it was so funny for Mrs. Snow to be leaving George's circulars about in Europe. I thought he would be pleased to learn that they were so appreciated.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways. MCLEWEN'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, Tenn. Name this Paper every time you write. 134

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This applies to



Evening Dress

Suits to measure from \$30.00, satin lined through.

Made for you in a day, if necessary.

Evening Dress
Suits as well as things needful here, for we try to fit the limited as well as the unlimited purse.

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Nicoll
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and
Pittsburg.

Send for samples and Fashion Primer containing self-measure rules and fashionable styles.

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Spring Humors, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether of the skin, scalp, or blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, are now speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the **Cuticura Remedies** when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. The almost miraculous cures daily effected by them prove this. No statement is made regarding them not warranted by the strongest evidence.



They are, in truth, the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. **CUTICURA**, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, surfaces, clears the skin and scalp of

soothes and heals raw and irritated crusts and scales, and restores the hair. **CUTICURA SOAP**, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. **CUTICURA SOLVENT**, the new blood and skin purifier, and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the **Cuticura Remedies** cure every humor of the Spring, from the simplest facial blemishes to the worst case of scrofula. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other blood and skin remedies.

"How to Cure Diseases of the Skin and Blood" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer. **CUTICURA REMEDIES** are sold everywhere. Price, **CUTICURA**, 50c.; **CUTICURA SOAP**, 25c.; **CUTICURA SOLVENT**, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Pimply, Blotchy Skin, red, rough, and oily skin and hands, painful finger-ends with shapeless nails, are prevented and cured by **Cuticura Soap**, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold everywhere.

THE average amateur photographer can take anything better than advice.—*Boston Post*.

Never delay treating a cough; but use at once Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price, 25 cents. When attacked with neuralgia rub freely with *Salvation Oil*. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

The 31st annual statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society reports a new business for 1890 of \$203,826,107; Assurance in force December 31st \$720,662,473; Income \$35,036,683; Assets \$119,243,744; with a surplus of nearly twenty-four millions.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa
from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

SHANDON BELLS
PERFUME

DELICATE, FRAGRANT, LASTING.
Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

If your dealer doesn't keep it send 50c in stamps for a bottle to
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

Juvenile; the Only Toilet Soap.



\$3
PRINTING
PRESS

Prints cards, labels, &c. Circular press \$8. Small newspaper size \$4. Do your own printing and advertising. Make money printing for others. Fun for spare hours. Typesetting easy.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

MAGIC LANTERNS.

Lantern Slides, plain or beautifully colored, for the Home Circle or Public Lectures.

Cut shows our Parabolon Oil Light Lantern, No. 45. Price, \$45.00; particularly suitable for Amateur photographers. We make many other styles, prices varying from \$10.00 to \$200.00.

Light Jests, interchangeable with oil lamps in lanterns, selling for \$20.00 and over.

Catalogues free.

J. B. COLT & CO., 16 Beekman St., N. Y.

PURE,
SOLUBLE,
Delicious.

THE STANDARD COCOA OF THE WORLD,
A SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA & COFFEE.
Easily Digested—Made Instantly.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest—Largest Sale in the World—Once Tried, Always Used."

A poet is often a prophet—Goldsmith's prophetic eye must have seen PUCK'S LIBRARY when he wrote:
"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun."
\$1.20 a year.
60 cents for 6 months. 30 cents for 3 months.
10 cents per copy.

VERY LIKELY.
SOFTHART.—Is Miss Triplight in?
SERVANT.—No; but she told me to tell you, if you called, that it was very kind of you.
SOFTHART.—What did she mean?
SERVANT.—I suppose she meant that it was very kind of you to call when she was out.—Ex.

HIGHEST AWARDS AT
PRINCIPAL EXHIBITIONS.
The Original—Take no other.

COCOA

101

Taking a Pill is often
a happy thought.



Beecham's Pills

are the most wonderful antidote yet discovered for all BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

A BOX of these Pills, costing only twenty-five cents, constitutes a family medicine chest. Wind and Pain and Weakness of the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep,

Sick Headache, Derangements of the Liver, and all nervous and trembling sensations are cured by using these pills.

The First dose often relieves in 20 minutes, and apprehension and sickness can be avoided by having a box always at hand wherever you are—in the house, on the train, on the steamer—ready for immediate use.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England, & Sole Agents for the United States, 305 and 307 Canal St., New York, will mail BEECHAM'S PILLS on receipt of price, 25 cents. Correspondents must mention this paper. Inquire first of your Druggist.

We Make the Cigar, You Make the Smoke.
TIGER CUBANA The Best Cigar. 5 cents each, 50 cents per bundle. Ask your dealer for them.

L. MILLER & SONS, 149 Chambers St., N. Y., Manufacturers. 992

HENRY LINDENMEYR, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET, BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest 10-cent Cigar manufactured in the world. For the past ten years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, having reached in 1886 over three and three-quarter millions; and it will reach five millions for 1890, and it to-day stands without a rival. For sale by FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS in the principal cities throughout AMERICA. It is manufactured in two sizes—BOUQUET EXTRAS, packed 25 and 50 in a box, and BOUQUET LONDRES, packed 100 in a box. If you desire a fragrant and delicious smoke, equal to many IMPORTED 20-cent cigars, the BOUQUET will surely please you, and the name of UPMANN, which every cigar bears, should be a sufficient guarantee of its high standard quality to satisfy the most fastidious consumer.

A DECOY duck can not be frightened away with a wooden "shoo." — *Texas Siftings*.



A WHOLE PRINTING OUTFIT, COMPLETE, PRACTICAL & PERFECT Just as shown in cut. 3 Alphabets of neat Type, Bottle of Indelible Ink, Pad, Tweezers, in neat case with catalogues and directions "HOW TO BE A PRINTER." Send up any name, prints cards, paper, envelopes, etc., marks linen, Worsted, etc. BEWARE of these COUNTERFEITS. Postpaid only 25c. 3, 50c. & for \$1. Ask for Ingersoll, INGERSOL & BRO., 65 CORINTH ST. N. Y. CITY.

85

CANDY

Sent \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

HENRY B. HYDE, President.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

159

New Assurance written in 1890 \$203,826,107.00
Total Outstanding Assurance 720,662,473.00

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in this statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated.

JOHN A. McCALL, Comptroller.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she is Children, she gave them Castoria.



THE BOSTON DERBY.

Colors: Black, Rebel-gray and Tawny.
Lustre Finish — Real Style.
Price, \$5.00.

Sent by Express free of receipt of price. Mention
Size and Shape of head.
Harrington, 14 School Street, Boston, Mass.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

DR. REDWOOD, PH.D., F.C.S., F.I.C.,
Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the
Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

"I have never come across another
Toilet Soap which so closely
Realizes my ideal of perfection;

its purity is such that it may be used with perfect
confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive
skin — EVEN THAT OF A NEW BORN BABY."

"Insist on having PEARS' SOAP.
Substitutes are sometimes recommended
by druggists and storekeepers for the
sole purpose of making more profit out
of you."

Arnold,
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LACES AND EMBROIDERIES
POINT GAZE, POINT APPLIQUE and DUCHESSE,
Bridal Veils, Scarfs and Flounces,
BLACK DRAPERY NETS,
Flounces and Edges,
EMBROIDERY EDGINGS,
Flounces and All-Overs,
EMBROIDERED DRESSES,
Lace and Embroidered Handkerchiefs.

Broadway & 19th st.
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BOKER'S BITTERS.
The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS,
and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

IN THE STREET.

GENTLEMAN.—I'm sorry, my friend, but I
can do nothing for you this morning. Charity,
as you know, begins at home.

BEGGAR.—All right, sir. What's your
address, and when shall I call?—Kate Field's Wash-
ington.

"THIS is no laughing matter," said the author,
when the editor handed him back his jokes.—
Texas Siftings.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

HE SAVED HIS LIFE.
A wealthy banker meets a tramp in an isolated
place.

TRAMP.—Help a poor man with a dollar —
you will save a human life.

BANKER (haughtily).—Your life is not worth
a dollar.

TRAMP (swinging a club).—But yours is.—
Texas Siftings.

"THAT's a fine big diamond of yours, Buffer."

"It is a dandy, is it not?"

"Yes. I wish my friend Bronson could see it.
He's an importer."

"Of gems?"

"No. Of plate-glass."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

"ONE OF THE FINEST"—The spider's web.—*Exchange.*

For ladies, the best and purest tonic is Angostura Bitters. It
effectually cures dyspepsia, and tones up the system. Dr. J. G.
B. Siegert & Sons. Manufacturers. At druggists.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his
hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vege-
table remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption,
Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections,
also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all
Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative
powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human
suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe
in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing
and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming
this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED.

The limited express for San Francisco, Los Angeles and
San Diego, leaves Dearborn Station every day, and runs via
the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad. Both palace
and tourist sleeping cars run through from Chicago without
change, and as the Santa Fé is the only line giving this accom-
modation for all California points, it is enjoying a large
patronage from persons going to the Pacific Coast.

It is certainly established as the preferred route. 150*

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

Wide-awake New Yorkers should give up worrying over
the street-cleaning problem, and turn their attention to
securing a pair of the famous "Crawford" Shoes. The
Bouvé, Crawford & Co. Corporation, makers of the famous
"Crawford Shoe," have once more shown their true and
characteristic Yankee Enterprise by opening a Boot-Black-
ing Parlor at 837 Broadway, this city, where wearers of
"Crawford" Shoes may have them polished *free of charge*.
Clean shoes are one of the necessities of modern life, and
if, as is said, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," when we
all get "The Crawford Shoe," we will certainly be, if not
godly, very near it, which is a vast improvement over our
present condition.

THE ROSY FRESHNESS

And a velvety softness of the skin are invariably
obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Com-
plexion Powder.

BRAIN. Remedies for Cure of Disorders result-
ing from over-taxation of Brain and
Nervous System, Weakness, Insom-
nia, etc. Send stamp for sealed "TREATISE."
DR. PERCY, Box 78, CLEVELAND, OHIO. 162

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The largest establishment in the world for the treatment
of the skin and scalp, ectem, eczema, superfluous hair,
birthmarks, moles, warts, pimples, wrinkles, nose, freckles,
veins, oily skin, acne, blackheads, barbers' itch, scars, pit-
tings, powder marks, facial development, etc. Consultation
Free, at office or by letter. 128-page Book on all Skin and
Scalp Ailments and their Treatment sent (sealed) for 10c.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 W. 42d St., N. Y. City.

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class style and at lowest rates by
ROBERT HORNBY, **Electrotyper of PUCK.**

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Exquisite Music. Catalogue free.
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CROPS I—V, 25c. Each. By Mail, 30c.

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By Mail, 35 Cents.

THIS FUNNY WORLD,
By Mail, 35 Cents.

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"You press the
button,
we do the rest."

Seven new Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH Transparent Films.
For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue.

VICTOR BICYCLES

MAKE THE PACE.



The highest grade only, and interchangeable throughout.
Catalogue March 1st.

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,
CHICOOPEE FALLS, MASS.
BOSTON, WASHINGTON. DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO.



Some
Children
Growing
Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNQUELLED. Avoid substitutions offered.



Woodbury's Facial Soap
For the Skin and Scalp.

Prepared by a Dermatologist with 20 years' experience. Highly indorsed by the medical profession; unequalled as a remedy for eczema, scaldhead, oily skin, pimples, flesh worms, ugly complexion, etc. Indispensable as a toilet article, and a sure preventive of all diseases of the skin.

At Druggists or by mail, Price 50c.

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT.

In all the World there is but ONE CURE. Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. IT NEVER FAILS. 40-page book of particulars free. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MRS. PORKLY.—I often wonder how people
manage to understand each other in France.

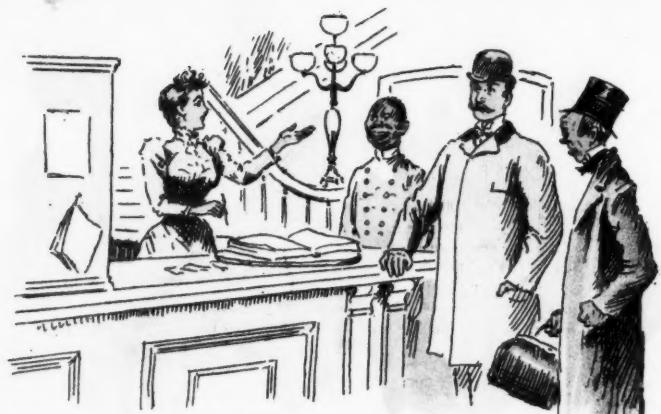
MRS. GOTHAM.—How absurd!

MRS. PORKLY.—I don't think it absurd at all.
Both my daughters speak French, and they can't
understand each other.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

MADGE.—What made that player who grabbed
the ball run all around the others?

JACK.—He wished to avoid the rush, my dear.
—*The Week's Sport.*

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Special Publications is sent free to any part of
the globe. Address: "PUCK," NEW YORK.



HOTEL CLERK.—Front, show the tall gentleman up to the best room on the first floor, and put the short gentleman in number 892, under the roof.



THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP MEN FROM TRYING TO EVADE JURY DUTY—HAVE MIXED JURIES, AS ABOVE.



BIG SCHEME FOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES—LADY EXAMINING-PHYSICIANS.



MR. HOOKSENIZE.—Gosh! It was hard enough to refuse them men drummers; but sence they've got to havin' wimmin drummers, I'll hev to go into bankruptcy!

J. Oppen

MURPHY.—Oi see by the paper that wimmin' is crowdin' men out of their jobs in all lines of worruk. But, be gobs, Oi t'ink my job is safe!

LET'S ABOLISH TRAIN-BOYS, AND HAVE TRAIN-GIRLS INSTEAD.

THE GROWING FIELD OF WOMAN'S WORK.
A SHORT LOOK AHEAD.